

# FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

By IZOLA FORRESTER.  
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DESIREE waited deliberately for him at the foot of the winding path that led upward through the pines. It would be useless for him to deny that he had sought the meeting ever since his return to Versailles, and now he should have the full benefit of it.

He had been gone four years, at his college, and each summer when he came home for vacation he had never failed to tell Desiree that she was frivolous and light-minded, this when he knew she worked from 6 to 6 in the mill and gave all she earned to her mother and all the little Sigmourneys.

Was it any of his business if she chose to go to the Saturday night dances at the Central hall, or better yet, the open-air ones at the beach pavilion? Where was the harm in that? She was with her own people and was happy. Was it wrong for her to be seen with some of the mill boys at the little motion picture house on Main street just because they were having their prayer meeting across the street? Oh, but she hated him for it all, and now at last here was her chance to tell him to his face she would not have it.

Who was he, after all, she thought stormily, as he came toward her, hatless as usual, his lean tanned face eager as a hunter's, his eyes bright at sight of her. He had worked in the mill too in his boyhood, and had found there at their noon meetings his gift for preaching. Then he had been taken up by the ministers family and educated, while she still tended the twirling spools down in the winding room.

"Did you wait for me, Desiree?" he asked. "I have wanted to speak to you ever since I came back."

"I know you have," she retorted slowly, with the tinge of scorn he could not mistake in her tone. "I have something to say to you, too. You will let me alone, you understand? It is nothing at all to me that you have come back here to be minister. That does not mean that you can say whatever you please about me because I am fond of dancing sometimes and I like to be happy."

"I have never said a word to any one about you."

"But you have to me, myself, and then you look at me so, as if you would scold at me forever. The tears filled her eyes, tears of anger and rebellion. "The girls told me you said that Desiree Sigmourney was an example to any of them."

"An example of dutifulness, I meant. Your love to your mother and the children is beautiful, Desiree."

"Ah, but you can turn the words around until they have two faces," she said bitterly.

"Why do you ridicule me before everybody?" he demanded suddenly. "Did you want me to stay in the mill all my life? It was your own father who first encouraged me to study and go ahead, and you have always laughed at me."

She lifted aggravating shoulders, and smiled over one at him.

"Jack-in-the-pulpit!" she said. "Is it so wonderful then to come back here to little Versailles and save us all down in the mill? Keep to your pulpit, and let us dance when our work is done."

She went down the path jauntily, leaving him standing there. Surely it had been sweet to make him understand how she scorned him.

The birch woods opened into a view of the little clustering village, the winding river and spreading white lace flocks of its waterfalls, the white mill houses that dotted the hillsides, and above them the great low mill buildings with their airshafts lifting tall pipe openings like the upreared heads of sea serpents.

There were four Sigmourneys working in there now, the two boys, Pierre and Louis, and the girls younger than Desiree, Melanie and Etelle.

She had been sent that morning on an errand over to Mme. Raniers, the wife of the superintendent. It had been a profitable walk, thought Desiree, conscious of the figure that walked behind her down the path.

And then suddenly on the still early spring air came the shriek of the factory whistle, blowing its alarm at this untimely hour. She caught her breath, listening to it. It could mean but one thing, the great horror of the mills, fire!

And even while the thought burst on her, there came the slow, expanding mass of gray smoke from the west buildings and the breaking out of long, wavering yellow tongues of fire from the basement windows. Before she realized it, he was beside her, her hand clutching at the smoke as they both started down at the smoke.

"Ah, the children!" she cried brokenly. "There are many in the winding room, Melanie and Etelle—all the children are there."

He was gone before she could speak again, his hat and coat lay on the grass beside her, where she had sunk to her knees, sobbing.

When she looked again each house was giving forth its quota of mothers and wives, hurrying to the scene of the fire from the little white houses. She dried her tears and went forward to join them, where there would be work waiting for the rescuers.

After it was all over, the supreme gratitude of the little town was laid in heaping measure at the feet of Stephen Serrier, the young minister of the steeped church that faced the green.

He had led the work from the beginning, organizing the town brigade, and the fire drill in the mill. He had seemed to be everywhere, like some fearless St. George fighting the dragon of flame, holding it back while hundreds marched out to safety, bearing the children in his arms up from the furnace of the winding rooms in the basement. And two of these were Desiree's sisters.

She was one of the volunteer nurses at the improvised hospital in the town hall, and weeks later, when they lifted the bandages from his eyes and he stood erect for the first time, it was

## "Dan'l Bear and Little Joe Were Great Pals"

By the Story Lady.

When everything else failed Peter he went to Daddy Mack. Daddy Mack was a little dried up man that lived on Peter's street. He had a tiny green house and raised cabbage and tomato plants for all his neighbors. He liked Peter and always had a story for him. Today as he sat on the edge of a bed he told him about Dan'l Bear.

"It all happened back in Michigan. Some folks about the name of Thompson lived away out by themselves in the timber, and they had a little tow head about three years old they called Joe. One day Joe's dad brought him home a little cub bear. Joe called the bear Dan'l and Dan'l and Joe were great pals. But Dan'l grew faster than Joe did and when Joe was five Dan'l was a great big bear, and more than that he was a cross bear to every one but Joe. So old man Thompson decided to kill Dan'l. But Joe heard about it and one day he told Dan'l all about it. Now, maybe Dan'l understood and maybe he didn't, but anyway the next day he wasn't to be found.

A long time after that Joe was playing in the wood around the babble

and got farther than usual and could not find the way back. Night came and he climbed a tree. The moon was shining bright and Joe holding tight to his tree looked down and there was a bear, and he looked again and there was another bear, bigger still, and Joe was so scared he almost fell right on top of them.

"Pretty soon the bushes cracked and there was the biggest bear of all, but Joe when he gave this biggest of all bears a good look cried out, 'Dan'l Bear, Dan'l Bear, take me home.' And then there was the awfulest fight you ever saw.

"Dan'l Bear licked the other bears easy and they run off and Joe slid down from the tree and got on Dan'l Bear's back just like he used to and put his arms around Dan'l Bear's neck and Dan'l Bear waddled off. Before Joe knew it he was safe in his own door yard.

"Joe's papa and mama hugged Joe and then hugged Dan'l Bear. He came to see Joe every once in a while after that and nothing was ever said about killing him."

"Is that all?" said Peter. "Yes," said Daddy Mack. "That's all."

—HELEN CARPENTER MOORE.

## Confessions of a Bride

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I Perform a Small Service For Bob Which Touches a Spring of Thought.

When Bob appeared in citizen's clothes at dinner, we looked from one to the other in shocked silence. We had learned to associate his mental state with his forgetfulness of his wife, with his army toga. It was impossible for any of us to look upon our Bob in his civilian attire, and realize that he was intellectually unsound.

I couldn't eat my dinner. I was several times on the verge of tears and would gladly have left the table on some pretext, had not Daddy's big hand clutched mine tightly.

"Steady girl, steady!" he commanded while Mother jangled the conversation ball.

But I had little chance to feel sorry for myself for any length of time. Poor Mother was enduring a mother's own particular kind of agony. She was on the verge of the slump which many mothers experienced as soon as their soldier-sons were safely back in "civvies."

Many mothers never defined their state, they simply said they felt "so tired—it was the excitement, probably!" But it was something far deeper than excitement.

Dear Mother Lorimer, for example, in spite of her innate bravery and outward calmness, in spite of the freedom from material worries which her wealth afforded her, did exactly what the most needy and dependent of war mothers has done. She collapsed and we realized for the first time how great a strain the war had been upon her soul.

When the strain was over, Mother succumbed to one of her bad heart attacks. The only fortunate condition of her illness she discovered and commented upon herself. It gave her an opportunity, she said, to put me in charge of the establishment, Chrissy being absorbed in her wedding preparations.

How I rejoiced to take up the responsibility! Did it not give me, the

her hand that led him out into the sunlight. And in her way, she tried to tell him she had found all the light of truth and sacrifice in her days of nursing.

"So you see, I am glad you wished to speak to me that day," she concluded, softly. "It was right you should scold me."

"Did you think that was why, Desiree?" he asked. "Was your memory so short as that? Has there ever been any one but you in all my life that I have cared for? Was it wrong for me to hope when I came back here you would be glad? And instead, his eyes twinkled, "you called me Jack-in-the-pulpit!"

Desiree was embarrassed and hesitant; but at last she said, with a quick sigh:

"They are my favorite flowers. They are the first brave ones to leap up and call that spring has come. I think they are most fearless—like you. And I do not care," her voice sank now to almost a whisper, "if I never dance again, not since the fire."

They had reached the little bridge that led over to the hill path, and he took her hand.

"Let's go back up into the pines," he said.

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## FARMINGTON

### Automobile Accident.

A bad auto accident occurred Sunday evening, when Nick Arcure's automobile pushed a machine in which were Misses Leitha and Burl Duncan, Messrs. Jess Pitzer and Frank Moor over the high bank at Jamison No. 8 mine.

The accident occurred when Arcure's going west was passing the other car east. The two Miss Duncans were very badly shaken up. Mr. Moor had his left leg broken and Mr. Pitzer escaped unhurt. Dr. J. J. Jenkins was called to the scene and rendered medical aid. Mr. Moor was taken to the hospital at Fairmont.

To Cook Hospital. Mrs. J. M. Downs was taken to Cook Hospital Fairmont, Sunday evening and was operated upon Monday for appendicitis.

In Ohio. Mrs. Alcinda Atha is visiting her daughter in Barnsville, Ohio.

From Morgantown. District Superintendent of School D. A. Ward returned from Morgantown Saturday where he attended the Prize Winners Course of Agriculture Clubs given at the University.

Business Visitor. Jesse Stewart, of Fairmont, was a visitor here Saturday in the interest

of the International Correspondence School, of which he is representative.

### Returned Home.

Mrs. Chas. C. Cooper, who has been visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. A. C. Fisher and other friends here, has returned to her home at Glovers Gap.

### From Baltimore.

Messrs. L. M. Hartley, Hugh Martin, J. H. Coleman and son James returned Saturday from a motor trip to Baltimore.

### Visiting Friends.

Miss Marie Meredith, of Salem, W. Va., is visiting Miss Norma Downs here.

### Attended Funeral.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Balmbridge, Mrs. Luther Hess, Misses Roxie Hess, Ohle and Vivian Balmbridge attended the funeral of Orval Clelland at Barrackville Sunday morning.

### Has Measles.

Donalson, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Downs is very sick with the measles.

### At Clarksburg.

Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Whitlatch and two children Mary Matilda and Emma Josephine, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shingleton and son James were visiting relatives in Clarksburg Sunday.

### From Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Fletcher and children Martha and Joseph, Mrs.

C. E. McCray and Edward McCray were calling on Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Downs Sunday.

Visiting Sister. Miss Conway of Peoria, Ill., is visiting her sister Mrs. J. H. Coleman here.

Improving. Mrs. Fannie Cooper who has been very sick for several days is improving.

Visiting Grandparents. Miss Ruth Hamilton, of Fairmont, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jess Fletcher here.

As Guests. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Downs had as their guests Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Jones and two daughters Wilma and Margaret, of Fairmont.

In New York. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kohler have received word that their son Ira has landed in New York from over seas. He was with the army of occupation in Germany.

Personals. Miss Beatrice Fisher was visiting relatives in Barrackville Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Mohoney and little daughter spent Sunday with Mrs. Mahaney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John King at Barrackville.

Joe Wilcox, of Katy, was in town Sunday evening. Mrs. Cyrus Rennolds was visiting

her father Mr. David Jones at Homewood Sunday.

Amos Nester, of Fairmont, was visiting his mother, Mrs. Ed Nester here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Harrison were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Press Fredland at Pine Grove Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Gould motored here Sunday. Mrs. Stewart Nester was visiting Mrs. Mary McElfresh at Hoult Sunday.

Arnold Adams and Albert Nester of Fairmont were visiting friends here Sunday.

Johnson Bartlett, of Barrackville, was a visitor here Monday.

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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(HELEN HAS A HAPPY THOUGHT)—BY ALLMAN.

